

Hastings Henry

The crye of the poore for the death of the Right Honourable Earle of Huntington.
To the tune of the Earle of Bedford.



God of thy mercie remember the poore,
And grant vs thy blessings thy plenty & store:
For dead is Lord Hastings, the moze is our griefe,
And now vp to heauen we cry for reliefe. (one.)
Then waile we, then weepe we, then mourne we ech
The good Earle of Huntington from vs is gone.

To poore and to needie, to high and to low,
Lord Hastings was friendly, all people doth know:
His gates were still open the straunger to feede,
And comfort the succourles alwaies in neede.
Then waile we, &c.

The husbandes & widows he euer did cherishe,
And fatherles Infants he likewise would nourishe:
To weake and to sicke, to lame and to blinde,
Our good Earle of Huntington euer was kinde.
Then waile we, &c.

He naked he clothed with garments from cold,
And frankly bestowed his silver and gold:
His purse was still open in giuing the poore,
That alwaies came flocking to Huntingtons doore.
Then waile we, &c.

His tenants that daylie repaire to his house,
Was fed with his bacon, his beere and his soule:
Their rents were not raised, their fines were but small
And manie poore Tenants paid nothing at all.
Then waile we, &c.

Such Landowes in England we seldome shall finde,
That to their poore Tenants wil beare the like minde,
Lord Hastings therfore is toyfully crownde,
With Angels in heauen where peace doth abound.
Then waile we, &c.

His wisdom so pleased the Quene of this land,
The sword of true Justice, she put in his hand:
Of Yorke he was President, made by her Grace,
Her lawes to maintaine and rule in her place.
Then waile we, &c.

Such mercifull pittie remainde in his best,
That all men had Justice, and none were oppressed:
His Office in vertue, so Godly he spent,
That Prince and his countrie, his losse may lament.
Then waile we, &c.

And likewise Lord Hastings S. Georges true Knight,
Did weare the gold garter of England so bright:
The gift of a Prince, King Edward first gave,
A Gem for a Sculdier and Counceller grane.
Then waile we, &c.

His coyne was not hoarded, to flourish in pride,
His Rings and his Jewels, and Chaynes to provide:
But gave it to Souldiers, wounded in warres,
That pike and the bullet, hath lamed with scarres.
Then waile we, &c.

He built by no Wallace, nor purchasse no Towne,
But gave it to Schollers to get him renowne:
As Oxford and Cambridge can rightly declare,
How many poore Schollers maintained are there.
Then waile we, &c.

No grones he inclosed, nor felled no woodes,
No pastures he pale to doe him selfe good:
To Commons and Countrie, he liue a good friend,
And gave to the needie what God did him send.
Then waile we, &c.

He likewise provided in time of great neede:
If England were forced with warres to proceede:
Both men and munition, with horses of warre,
The proude foes of England, at all times to scarre.
Then waile we, &c.

Our Quene and our Countrie, hath cause to complaine,
That death in his furie this Noble hathaine:
Yet England reioyce we, reioyce without feare,
Lord Hastings hath left a most Noble heire.
Then waile we, &c.

A thousand poore Widowes for Huntingtons sake,
As manie poore children, their prayers will make:
That God may long prosper his heire left behinde,
And graunt him old Huntingtons true noble minde.
Then waile we, &c.

Then pray we for Countrie, for Prince and for Peeres,
That God may indow them with most happie yeeres:
Lord blesse vs with vertue, with plentie and peace,
And manie more subjects like him to increase. (one.)
Then waile we, then weepe we, then mourne we ech
Our good Earle of Huntington from vs is gone.

FINIS.

Printed at London for VVilliam Blackvall,
and are to be sold at his shoppe nere
Guild-Hall gate. 1596.